



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. VI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 15, 1876.

No. 14.

BRYANT'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

THROUGH storm and calm the years have led
Our nation on from stage to stage,
A century's space, until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see there, o'er our pathway swept,
A torrent stream of blood and fire;
And thank the ruling power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell,
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears;
But with us let thy memories dwell,
To warm and lead the coming years,
And thou, the new beginning age,
Warned by the past and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

LE COURREUR DES BOIS.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

III.

FOR a time after Antoine left the camp, he made good progress. As he sped over the ground, absorbed in his thoughts and plans for the future, he found his way more by instinct than care, and before night was really upon him, he was several miles on his way toward his home. He whistled softly to himself as a picture of the bright, warm room, with Marie for its center, arose before him. And he resolved that before he slept he would tell her what he had so nearly told her the night before. Yes, as soon as the spring opened, they would once more take up their wandering life, but this time with their faces toward civilization. During the last twenty-four hours he had seen how impossible a continuation of their present life would be for any time. The unsettled, homeless existence which they must lead in the forest, he now, for the first time, thought of as a wrong to Marie. To him, *the forest* meant wild, happy, freedom—freedom from care, law, or duty, while the life toward which he was forcing himself meant prosaic virtue, and impulse forever controlled. And, although his every feeling rebelled against the change, the determined will which had always made him so uncontrollable, and the broad, generous nature which had once made him break away from all rule, now made him see a duty which he had brought into his life, and seeing which compelled him to perform it.

The moon rose at last and mottled his way with brilliancy and gloom as its light by turns fell through the naked boughs, or was interpreted by the shade of the pines.

The silence of the night was unbroken, save by the low shuffling of his snow-shoes as he made his way through the trackless waste. Now and then he would pause for rest, and then press on, indifferent to the night and its loneliness. The way was long, he was tired from his day of excitement and travel, and he began to feel some misgivings about reaching home in time to save Marie from

a night of watching. There was a different trail from the one taken by himself and companions that morning, which would cut off a mile or two of his journey, and into that he would turn. He shifted his course, and was soon at the stream which marked the new trail. Following its guidance a short distance, he came to a pine-tree which a late storm had uprooted, and which now lay across the frozen river. The sight of the tree decided him to cross and follow the path on the other side. And, yielding to a desire to feel something more solid than crumbling snow under his feet, he shook off his shoes and climbed upon the fallen trunk. As he did so, he noticed that ice had been shattered by the tough branches, and the water was running swift and cold through the green leaves. He strode forward along the ice-crusted bark with a free, careless step. In the middle of the stream, he sprang lightly past an intervening bough, slipped as he regained his footing, clutched at the branches overhead, crashed through the wiry tree, and an instant later felt the icy water sweeping over his feet.

The fall, when he realized it, seemed only the interruption of a moment, and the slight inconvenience of a pair of wet moccasins which would soon freeze and cease to trouble him. He threw his arm up for a supporting branch by which to extricate himself, but it fell back powerless, and sent a sickening thrill through his frame. Still, even now, he reasoned his accident could be nothing serious, and he struggled up to free himself from the close-lapping branches. But the short struggle showed him how vain it was. He could neither rise nor sink. The heavy burden on his shoulders held him firmly down. Beneath his only foot-hold was the rushing water, and he seemed bound about by a thousand firmly fixed cords in the slender, tough branches. More than the slightest movement was an impossibility, and by degrees the horrible truth that he was chained in a prison, in a spot which might not be traversed for years by human feet, and from which he could only be released by the hand of death, forced itself upon him. He did not submit to the discovery quietly, for, with all the strength of his slender athletic frame, he struggled; but after each fruitless attempt he paused only to find himself held more firmly in the pine-tree's embrace. The toils which encompassed him were seemingly so slight, that to be baffled by them filled him with fierce rage, and he shook them and beat wildly about him with his left hand to break them away. But the branches only gave out a bruised fragrance as they cut sharply through the cold air and swayed against his face; and, after an hour or more of combat, he sank back hopeless, to wait. Save for the pain which his arm gave him when he moved it, he was not suffering; or, if suffering, his mental anguish made him insensible to it. And, as he stood upright in his trap, his mind supernaturally clear, he thought until his imaginings became torture almost unendurable.

Again the picture of his lowly home arose before him. Again, more vividly than ever, he saw Marie, pale and tearful, listening for the step she would never again hear. Oh, why had he parted from her so coldly? Why had he not told her his partially formed

plans that last night as they sat before the fire? How plainly he remembered her answer when he asked her what she would do without him—"I would die, Antoine." As he repeated the words, they brought him a strange joy to know that without him she could not live, that they would meet ere long, when he could tell her that he had always been true to her, that even when death came to him he was hastening to her.

With the certainty of death came thoughts of the future. His life, in the sight of the church and the world, had been one of outlawry and disobedience to the laws of God and man. What hope was there for him now? What a vast distance would separate him from Marie, even after they were both dead. Would they ever meet? Or, would she look as unmovably upon him from her saintly heights, as the cold moon now looked upon him from the wintry sky? How could a dying man repent and be forgiven without the aid of a sanctified prayer? If only he could see Marie! She was his church, his priest, his heaven. And, with the remembrance of her love, there came an undefined feeling that if she, in her pure heart, could find him worth loving and saving, God—infinitely purer, holier, and more pitying—would receive his blackened soul and make it white and clean.

As the first gleam of light penetrated the darkness of her long night, Marie prepared for her journey. During the night she prayed as fervently as her distracted heart would allow, that her search might be successful, that the welcome sight of Antoine might greet her eyes before another night. She believed that she would be guided to him, wherever he was, and so she started out to find him, or perish in the wilderness.

Through the slowly dawning day she passed toward the camp. The snow of the night still lay thickly upon the trees, obscuring the pale light and giving the forest a weird, gloomy aspect she had never seen before.

Her wanderings of the summer had taught her some thing necessary to know of forest travel. She had learned the signs by which Antoine recognized a trail. So she found her way without great difficulty, though her progress was slow and she often sank down exhausted and unhappy, to rest. But there was comfort in action, and she would soon spring up again and hurry forward.

It was late in the afternoon before she reached the trading-post; she found it deserted by the hunters, for they had that morning started on their long expedition. But the permanent settlers were there, and although they could give her little news of her husband, they could at least relieve her of the haunting fear that he had gone with his old companions. They comforted her, too, with many reasons for Antoine's disappearance. He had, perhaps, come upon the track of some valuable game, which he had followed, and thus been delayed. She had better return to her cabin and wait patiently for him. And there was a shorter trail than the one by which he had come, which she had better take on her return. She would probably find Antoine at the cabin before her.

Refreshed and comforted by her visit to the camp, she turned away from it with a far lighter heart than that with which she had entered it. The dwellers there had laughed at her fears, and she felt that she was foolish to dread for him. He knew the forest as well as she knew the meadows at home. He was armed for any encounter with wild animals; and from man she knew he feared nothing. And in her short stay at the camp she had heard how it was believed that her husband bore a charmed life, that woodland dangers always faded before him, and foes always gave him the trail.

Upheld by these reflections, she followed the path which he had taken the night before. At first she flitted like a bird over the

snow, thinking how in happy hours to come, she would tell Antoine of her adventurous search for him. But it was not long before she felt the depressing effect of weariness. And as she entered the new trail the day was done, and she sat down to wait until the rising moon would show her the way.

Wrapping her blanket around her and muffling her chilled face in it, she nestled beside a great tree for what warmth its shelter might give. The day and preceding night had been wonderfully mild, but now the night was growing intensely cold, and she begrimed every moment of inaction. But to go forward she did not dare, for, if she once strayed from her way in the darkness, she was hopelessly lost. The chill air benumbed her mentally and physically, and she had not been long in her sheltered nook before she succumbed to the sleep which anxiety had banished the night before.

Whether she slept for a long or a short time she did not know, for her sleep was as heavy and dreamless as death. She only knew that she sprang to her feet, wide awake, after the first moment of confusion, hearing her name called loudly, as if from empty space. She listened breathlessly for a repetition of the sound, but the forest was perfectly silent. A superstitious feeling that it was an unearthly voice which had called her, came over her and filled her with awe which made her silent. And, crossing herself and murmuring a prayer, she once more went forward through the moonlit woods. But all her buoyancy and hope were gone. It was hard to keep back the tears which loneliness, fear, and cold forced into her eyes. For the first time in her life, she had to depend entirely upon herself, and never before had she been so helpless, so defenseless.

She walked heavily on, benumbed by the cold, with only consciousness sufficient to keep upon the river, which she had been told was her nearest way home.

A short distance before her she saw her path obstructed by a fallen tree, and she was about to scramble up the bank and make her way around it when her heart gave a great bound of fear as she saw the green boughs suddenly moved. The certainty that she now had a fierce starved animal to face, broke down all her courage, and in an instant the woods rang with a loud cry of despair. At the sound, the green screen was put swiftly aside, and a human face haggard and pale, looked out at her. Looked blankly at first, then the eyes lit it up and the warm blood flushed over it, and her cry was answered by one of joy and triumph.

"Marie, Marie, art thou here?

Where was the loneliness and coldness of a moment before? That cry peopled the world for her, and filled the forest with the glory of summer. In an instant she was upon the tree, her arms were around her husband's neck, her kisses upon his lips. For some moments words were not needed; it was enough that they were together once more. Then Antoine, with his head drooping weakly upon her breast, said:

"Marie, I knew that thou wouldest come. I could not die without thee."

"Die, Antoine! Do not speak of dying. But why art thou here?" and for the first time she looked about her for the cause.

"I cannot move, Marie. I have been here since night. My arm is broken. These boughs hold me fast."

"Oh, Antoine!" and the horror which he felt when he first realized his fate was now felt by her. Still she would not believe the hopelessness of his situation, and, seizing his hand, tried with all her strength to sever them, and together they fought his strange captor; but the struggle was short, and Antoine said:

"It is hopeless, Marie. My strength is all gone. I cannot aid thee. I must die here. Take the heavy burden from my shoulders."

Sit down beside me, Marie. Let me feel thine arms once more around me, and with thee near me I will not be afraid to die.

Marie quickly undid the fastenings of his pack and laid it aside, and at once renewed her endeavors to release him. She broke away the slender branches, and then with the knife from his belt began to cut the stronger ones. But just as her labor seemed about to succeed he called out to her:

"Stop, Marie. The ice is broken beneath me. If you release me I shall fall. The current will carry me under the ice and I shall drown. Only let death come to me in thy presence and I am resigned."

Once more she crept back to him, this time heart-broken and despairing.

"Let me go back to the camp, Antoine, and bring thee aid."

But he only shook his head, and drew her more closely to him, saying:

"Do not leave me. I should not be alive when thou wouldst return. The sight of thee has given me a respite, but it will not be a long one. I am faint from pain and hunger, and the night is growing fiercely cold. Thou wilt only have to watch with me a short time, little one. • • • • • What wilt thou do without me, Marie?" he asked once more, this time his voice full of love and tenderness, all the old impatience gone from it.

"Antoine, do not ask me. Without thee I cannot live. If thou diest here I will never leave this spot. I will stay with my arms around thee, and when death comes to thee it will come to me."

"No, my sweet Marie. Thou must leave me when I am dead. Go to the camp, and when spring comes some one will take thee to thy mother, for there are kind hearts among my wild comrades, and for my sake, as well as thine, they will be good to thee."

"Oh, Antoine, life without thee will be nothing. Do not bid me seek it; let me lay it down with thine," she implored him passionately.

"I want to tell thee, Marie, all the good resolutions I was forming as I hurried toward thee, that thou mayest have none but kind remembrance of me in the years to come."

Then he told her all, and told her timidly and falteringly of the hope that had come to him when he found he must die—of the almost assured belief which her love had taught him to dare to hope for through the infinite love of God. Sobbing wildly, she listened to him and comforted him. Then at last they were silent, she chafing and caressing his cold hands with her almost equally icy ones, and he watching her with happy, patient eyes. The breathless night grew colder and colder, and the far-off stars glittered through the trees. At length Antoine's arm loosened its pressure; he leaned heavily against Marie and slept.

With a low, piercing cry which could not reach his dulled brain, the moon, stars, and trees whirled in a labyrinth around her, as she fainted from the consciousness of her woe.

The snow was melting from every sunny slope when Marie looked at the world again. The scene upon which she opened her eyes was so unfamiliar to her, that she thought it all a dream, until a face bent over her which seemed to belong to the winter day, long, long ago, when she had gone in search of Antoine. She looked into the coarse but kindly face, and the past came back to her. With a groan, she turned away.

"Do not tell me; I know it all. Antoine is dead."

The girl leaned over her and said softly:

"Joy is sometimes harder to bear than sorrow. Canst thou bear it?"

Marie turned quickly back.

"Tell me!" Tell me!"

"I will let another tell thee," and she hurried away.

Marie fell back in silent happiness, and a moment more Antoine clasped her in his arms. Presently he told her how death had been frightened away. After Marie had left the camp that winter day, seeing how cold the night was growing, and fearing that she could not make her way alone, two of the settlers had followed her, and soon after the dull slumbers had wrapped Antoine in its fatal sweetness, and while Marie was insensible to everything, the hunters found them. It was short work for their strong arms to release the prisoners, and, before day-break, rescued and rescuers were safe in camp. Antoine's recovery was far more speedy than Marie's, and for many weeks he feared that it was he who would have to go through the world alone. But now the two who had parted in death met in life, and life—whose other name is happiness—beamed with loving welcome for them. They watched the coming of spring, and when it burst upon them in its northern swiftness and beauty, they started out under the tender whispering leaves, and wandered toward the great river.

One evening in early midsummer, as the mother stood at the cottage door looking toward the forest, she saw two forms emerge from its shade and cross the meadow. She watched them as they came along the path toward the cottage; then she staggered down the little garden walk as one of the wanderers, seeing her, bounded to her with outstretched arms, and Marie and her mother were together once more.

THE CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF A DYING MAN.

THE Atlanta Sunday Telegram reports the following: Mr. David S. Kellem, one of the most beloved and trustworthy citizens, who died on last Friday, and who will be buried to-day by the Knights Templar, is reported to have made a most wonderful revelation concerning his cousin's untimely death, during his recent sickness. Our informant says that he, in company with several other friends, were sitting at the bedside of the sick man, when he suddenly roused himself from an insensible state, and in a very excited manner admonished some invisible persons to be quick or the mules would kick his cousin Tobe to death, and then in despair he fell back on the bed saying: "It is too late, they have killed him." His friends at the time did not know what to make of this strange behavior, but two days later they received a letter from Hawkinsville, stating that his cousin, Mr. Tobe Kellem, had been kicked to death by mules at about the time that he had spoken of the matter here in Atlanta. Dr. Amos Fox, Mr. Henry Banks, and other reliable gentlemen of this city, were present at the time, and testify to the authenticity of the occurrence.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING CAMELS.

THE Virginia City (Nevada) Enterprise of June the 28 says: "A train of eight camels left the city early yesterday morning, loaded with wood for the summit of Mount Davidson. Each animal carried about one-third of a cord of wood. The train reached the summit and approached to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the flagstaff without much difficulty. They could not be taken nearer, as near the peak all is bare granite, twisted in all directions, and cut up by deep channels or crevices. Across this patch of rocks the wood for the bonfire must be carried on the shoulders of men. A herd of eight camels standing on the summit of Mount Davidson, nearly nine hundred feet above the level of the sea was a novel sight and should have been photographed."

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WASHINGTON, JULY 15, 1876.

We forgot to credit the article "Deaf-mutes as Musicians" to *The Annals*, a valuable journal for July, from which we copied in our last issue.

SILENT COMMUNITY.

REV. SAMUEL SMITH, of London, England, has written the above article for *The Annals* in reply to Dr. Gallaudet, president of the National Deaf-Mute College, on Deaf-mutism. The writer has mingled in the society of deaf-mutes for thirty years, and been enabled to make good observations, and correct opinions of their social habits, &c. We cannot resist the temptation to make an extract from it as follows:

"Now, I am prepared to adduce arguments in favor of the 'Parental,' and consequently against the 'Pedagogic' policy. In the first place, a gregarious instinct exists in man as well as in the lower animals; it is natural for persons who have sympathy with each other, fellow-feelings, to associate together, to exhibit a clannish spirit, and as to fighting against the instinct, one might as well say to a flock of sheep, 'You sheep are exceedingly sheepish, a characteristic which is most detrimental to your interests, placing you at the mercy of every dog that barks, which trait is undoubtedly confirmed and perpetuated by your associating together. Your sheepishness is thereby much intensified. You ought, therefore, to disband, and each cultivate the acquaintance of some animal of acuter faculties and brave disposition, for this would certainly render you very much less sheepish than you are.' They would not voluntarily follow this injunction, and if each should be forced into the society of an uncongenial companion it would undoubtedly violate the natural instincts of the creature and destroy its comfort."

P E R S O N A L .

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old schoolmate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MR. D. H. CARROLL, a graduate of the College, stopped in Philadelphia two days instead of ten days as he proposed to, and on account of the excessive heat he had to hasten for Minnesota, his home on a bee-line, which has the most cool climate in this country.

MR. WILLIAM M. ALLMAN, connected with the Deaf-mute College two years ago, has a situation in a bank as assistant cashier at Sturgis, Michigan. He proposes to visit the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in September, and stops at Washington on his return home.

MR. THOMAS L. BROWN, a teacher of the Michigan Institution, was married to Miss Sarah M. Hoagland, of the same Institution, on the 28th of June last, to our surprise. In fact it took everybody by surprise—even those in the Institution. They made arrangements for a bridal tour to Niagara Falls, from there to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and from thence to West Henniker, N. H., to spend the summer with his much esteemed father. We trust they may live a long uninterrupted happy married life.

LOCKE ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

IT is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery. Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind; misery is what disturbs, discomposes or torments it. I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and to avoid uneasiness and disquietude. Let me then see wherein consists, the most lasting pleasures of life; 1, Health without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish. 2, Reputation,—for what I find everybody is pleased with, and the want of it is a constant torment. 3, Knowledge, for the little knowledge I have I find I would not sell at any rate, nor part with for any other pleasure. 4, Doing good, for I find the well-cooked meat I eat to-day does now no more delight me and I am diseased after a full meal; the perfumes I smelt yesterday, now no more affect me with any pleasure; but the good turn I did, yesterday, a year, seven years since continues still to please and delight me often as I reflect on it. 5, The expectation of eternal and incomprehensible happiness in another world is that also which carries a constant pleasure with it. If then, I will faithfully pursue that happiness I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me, I must carefully look that it cross not any of those five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love, but if it endanger my health, I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest. Hunting, plays any other innocent diversions delight me; if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business, they preserve my health, restore the vigor of my mind, and increase my pleasure; but if I spend all, or the greatest part of time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance and contempt, in which I cannot but be very unhappy. Drinking, gaming and vicious delights will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by a positive efficacy endanger my health, impair my parts, imprint ill habits, lessen my esteem, and leave a constant, lasting torment on my conscience. Therefore, all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passion will afford me a constant pleasure greater than any such enjoyments; and also deliver me from the certain evil of several kinds, that by indulging myself in a present temptation I shall certainly afterwards suffer. All innocent diversions and delights, as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no further, and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater.

TILDEN is a Presbyterian.

A COLORED preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it, "De corn has been cribbed, dere aint any more work, and de debbil is still foolin' wid dis community."

SPITTING AT A MARK.

GENERAL Eli H. Murray, United States Marshal for Kentucky tells a singular story concerning Judge Stites :

" You see," said the general, " many years ago, when the judge was a young man, he was judge of a circuit down in Southern Kentucky. Madisonville, Hopkins County, was in his circuit, and court was in session. Then circuit court always attracted a big crowd of people, and the little country tavern was full to overflowing, so much so that four or five persons had to occupy the same room. The judge and four or five of the big lawyers crowded together.

" They indulged in a little mental relaxation in the shape of draw poker until a late hour. When the game broke up they retired to bed in a hurry and left the candle burning. The fire had gone out, the weather was cold, the floor not over clean, and none of them liked to get out of his warm place to blow out the candle. After fruitless efforts to induce some one to get up and extinguish the light the judge proposed that they should put it out by spitting at it—then the fun commenced. The awkward efforts of some of the party excited the ridicule of the others.

" ' You can't spit over your chin,' " said judge to one of the party who made a poor shot.

" ' I can beat you,' " was the retort.

" ' Money says you can't,' " answered the judge.

" The cold weather and the dirty floor were alike forgotten as the rivals sprang from their warm places. Money was put up, a mark made, and the contest began. The contest was so exciting that the others were soon drawn, and there, in the chill, fireless dreariness of the best room of a country tavern the judge of the circuit and four or five of the brightest lights in the circuit stood up in their shirts and spit at a mark for five dollar a spit.

THE STORY OF A CHIMNEY TOP.

ONCE there was a man who had a house, the chimneys of which were all loose and dilapidated, from frost and rain, and wind and smoke. They looked dirty and nearly ready to tumble down. But one day he thought he would have them fixed. It is not known what lead him to this stroke of improvement, but all at once some artistic mason was seen remodelling the chimney tops, and under his skillful direction they began to assume lines of wondrous beauty—for so smoky a thing as a chimney top. People stopped to look at them and admire the graceful and appropriate lines into which the brick and mortar had been wrought, and when the stage had been removed, and the painted chimney stood out in the really fine proportions, the man wondered at himself that he had ever tolerated his old blackened ungainly chimney tops so long as he did. Then another man in the same neighborhood began to look at his chimneys, and he was so ashamed of them he employed the same cunning workman to tear them down and build better ones in their place. And so the reform went on, and almost every day the houses all around appeared out with new chimney tops; all different, all artistic, all pretty. The neighborhood houses seemed like so many well dressed ladies all out with their new spring hats on! And what a transformation from a community of smoked and battered chimneys—to one of trim, neat and graceful ones. All the neighbors think more of themselves and their houses, the competent mason has his hands full of work, and the neighborhood generally has put on a look and a more decent appearance. All because one man was dissatisfied with an old smoked chimney top!—*Maine Farmer.*

A MALICIOUS enemy is not so bad as a clumsy friend.

EVERYTHING TO MAKE LIFE PRECIOUS.

MARIE TWAIN'S description of the happiest boy in the village: "Huckleberry was always dressed in the cast-off clothes of full-grown men, and they were in perennial bloom and fluttering with rags. His hat was a vast ruin, with a wide crescent looped out of its brim; his coat when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels, and had the rearward buttons far down the back; but one suspender supported his trousers; the seat of his trousers bagged low and contained nothing; the fringed legs dragged in the dirt when not rolled up. Huckleberry came and went at his own free will. He slept on doorsteps in fine weather, and in empty hogsheads in wet; he did not have to go to school or church, or call any being master, or obey anybody; he could go fishing or swimming when or where, he chose, and stay as long as it suited him; nobody forbade him to fight; he could sit up as late as he pleased; he was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring and the last to resume leather in the fall; he never had to wash, nor put on clean clothes; he could swear wonderfully. In a word, everything that goes to make life precious, that boy had."

HOW TO BECOME A HERO.

" If I were a general," said Freddie, laying down his history, " I should be happy."

" Are you not happy now?" asked Aunt Margaret.

" Oh, yes; but I long to be a hero! It is something to be a hero. Do you not think so?"

" Yes," said Aunt Margaret; " I admire a hero. Shall I tell you how you may become one,—a boy hero, which, I think, is far more noble than being a general?"

" Yes," said Freddie, eagerly; " do tell me."

" By being master of yourself. Do not give way to angry, wicked feelings. The Bible says, ' He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' Think of this when tempted to do wrong; fight for the right, and you will be a hero greater than a general."

WE hope those people who are saving up for a rainy day will be quick about it.

Now is the best time to order coal for next winter, although it is very embarrassing to do it.

IN Texas cities people wear colored goggles to guard their eyes from the reflection of the sun from the side walks.

A BOSTON physician says that blowing cornets or trombones is the best exercise for women, expanding their lungs, and making them straight.

THERE is something wonderfully grand and impressive about the roar of thunder, until you discover it has soured the last half-pint of milk in the house.

A BRIGHT young lady gave her slow lover a delicate leap year hint the other evening. In course of conversation the gentleman asked her what form of marriage she thought the most beautiful. Her quick reply was, " I should care little for form. The substance seems of more importance." She now wears an engagement ring.

THE deaf-mutes, of whom there are some five hundred, in Brooklyn, New York, have organized themselves into a political club. They don't make much of a hurrah about it, but they are all for Hayes and Wheeler.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

NEW YORK.

THE commencement exercises at the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was held yesterday. Many of the guests were graduates of the Institution. The Dr. Isaac L. Peet asked a blessing, and explained the methods of instruction. Six pupils, each aged about sixteen, wrote on blackboards, in good handwriting, creditable salutatory addresses. Patrick Brennan, to exemplify the force of the sign-language described by a single gesture in most cases everything that was named to him. James Canton, aged 12, blind, deaf, and dumb, showed all the ability of a well educated boy of his equal age and possessed of all these facilities. Principal Peet said that he is endeavoring to obtain a fund of \$10,000 for James, which will justify the employment of a special teacher, and that if this is done James will attain intellectual development surpassing that of Laura Bridgman. Prof. Perkins displayed three boys and three girls, who are learning to talk according to Prof. Bell's method of visible speech. The boys talked clearly and loudly; the girls were more backward. Miss Florence H. Jones gave Whittier's "Centennial Hymn" in pantomime. William A. Jackson delivered the valedictory in the same manner. Diplomas were awarded to W. A. Jackson, Alice M. Dickenson, and Eliza Murphy.—*Sun., June 28.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE annual examination of the pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb took place at Association Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, including most of the city clergymen and a number of the visiting clergy in attendance on the Diocesan Synod.

The several classes were called in their order and put through the usual exercises, illustrating the mode of instruction and the progress made. A neat programme of the exercises, printed in the Institution, was circulated in the Hall.

From remarks made by the Superintendent, Mr. J. Scott Hutton, and Hon. Dr. Parker, President of the Board of Directors, some interesting facts in regard to the Institution's work were learned. During the session just closed (which was the nineteenth) the attendance of pupils was 28—27 males, and 11 females. Of these New Brunswick sent 7, Prince Edward Island 6, Newfoundland 4, and Nova Scotia the remainder, the several counties appearing as follows: Halifax 9, Colchester 4, Cumberland 3, Hants 2, Pictou 2, King's, Annapolis, Lunenburg and Shelburne 1 each. There was an increase of 4 in the attendance as compared with last year. Eleven new pupils were admitted—the largest number for years. Shelburne, which before had no place in the returns, sent one pupil. The friends of the Institution can now boast that every county in Nova Scotia has shared in its benefits. The health of the pupils has been generally good, and their progress satisfactory. The reading room and Sunday services for the adult mutes of the city and Dartmouth have been continued with much interest and advantages, providing them with some of the literary, social and religious privileges enjoyed by others in such Institutions as the Y. M. C. A., &c. Thanks were tendered to the publishers of the city and Provincial papers for copies of their journals, and also the British America Tract Society for supplies of illustrated papers. Donations of books suitable for the deaf-mutes are solicited. The Directors need \$1238 to pay off the debt of the buildings.

Dr. Parker in his remarks paid high tribute to the continued good work of Mr. Hutton, the Superintendent, who has proved his devotion to the Institution by declining to accept more lucrative engagements offered to elsewhere. A deputation—the Principal and some of the pupils—proposed visiting Newfoundland this summer, to stir up an interest in the neglected deaf-mutes of that island. The purpose of the Board of Directors is to make the Institution one to serve the interests and command the support of all the Maritime Provinces. At the close of the examination prizes were distributed as follows:

INTELLECTUAL DEPARTMENT.

Junior Class.

1. James Kelly Moncton, N. B.
2. Clinton Doukin, Amherst, N. S.

Second Class.

1. J. J. Dunlap, Truro, Colchester Co.
2. Edward Roberts, Parrsboro, Cumberland Co.

Third Class.

1. James Gardner, Newfoundland, (highest number of good marks in the school.)
2. Minnie Mosher, St. Croix, Hants Co.
3. Graham R. Logan, Halifax.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

1. Printing office—Ewen McKay, P. E. Island.
2. Garden and out-door work—Ira Ward, Newport, Hants Co.
3. Sewing and housework—Rose Kelly, Moncton, N. B.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX DEAF-MUTE OCCUPATIONS AND PROFESSIONS.

Males.

Agent.	Letter carriers.
Artist.	Lithographer.
Author.	Linguist.
Baker.	Machinist.
Barber.	Manager.
Blacksmith.	Magician.
Bookbinder.	Mason.
Bookseller.	Match maker.
Bootmaker.	Mechanic.
Boymaker.	Merchant.
Brassfinisher.	Miller.
Brickmaker.	Miner.
Cabinetmaker.	Monitor.
Carver.	Mop maker.
Carpenter.	Moulder.
Carpet-carver.	Nailer.
Carpet-weaver.	Nurseryman.
Carriage-maker.	Packer.
Carriage-painter.	Painter.
Card writer.	Peddler.
Case maker.	Piano maker.
Chives.	Picture-frame maker.
Cigar maker.	Photographer.
Clerk.	Potter.
Cloth sponger.	Postmaster.
Clock maker.	Printer.
Cooper.	Publisher.
Copyst.	Pump-maker.
Custom-house Clerk.	Real estate dealer.
Dentist.	Recorder.
Ditch-digger.	Repairer and scourer.
Driver.	Reverend.
Dyer.	Rubber-boot maker.
Edi or.	Saddler.
Engineer.	Sailor.
Engraver.	Sash, blind and door maker.
Farmer.	Seedsman.
Farmlaborer.	Sculptor.
File cutter.	Scourer.
Folio-writer.	Shoeutter.
Fruiter.	Shoemaker.
Gardner.	Shipping clerk.
Gas-tuber.	Ship-builder.
Gentleman.	Spinner.
Gleaner.	Stamper.
Grape-grower.	Stone cutter.
Harnessmaker.	Tallor.
Hat maker.	Teacher.
Heater.	Telegraph-operator.
House builder.	Toba const.
House carpenter.	Tobacco planter.
House painter.	Truck man.
Hosier.	Trunkmaker.
Horse doctor.	Turner.
Hotel-keeper.	Tucker & hemmer.
Insurance agent.	Vase-maker.
Interpreter.	Vagabond.
Inventor.	Watchmaker.
Iron Chipper.	Watchman.
Iron moulder.	Wagon-maker.
Jeweler.	Weaver.
Job printer.	Window-screen maker.
Jolner.	Wire engineer.
Jug maker.	Wool-sorter.
Justice of the peace.	Wood chopper.
Laborer.	Wood-sawyer.

Females.

Bookholder.	Nun.
Cook.	Nurse.
Dressmaker.	Seamstress.
Farmer's wife.	Shoebinder.
Help at home.	Tailoress.
House-keeper.	Teacher.
House-work.	Washerwoman

There are over 1500 different occupations and professions of the hearing and speaking people.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

YALE had 130 applications for admission at the commencement examinations—thirty less than last year.

Niagara Falls has been recommended by Archbishop Lynch of Toronto as a place of religious pilgrimage.

The Archbishop of Rheims will not allow prehistoric relics to be exhibited in the city, on the ground that they tend to discredit the Bible.

An Austrian officer, Captain Ahstrom, swam from Vienna to Pesth, in the Danube, 100 miles, in 39 hours.

Greenland has had a very mild winter, but nothing has been received at Upernwick from the British expedition under Capt. Nares.

A one-armed beggar, on being searched at the station house in Jersey City, was provided with an other arm, doubled up under his coat.

The last return of the Bank of England shows the largest accumulation of gold on record. The total amount in the vaults is about £29, 500,000, or nearly \$118,000,000.

Forty-six cases of casts and photographs taken from the German excavations at Olympia have been sent to Berlin. The digging will be recommenced next September.

In accordance with the stipulation of the new treaty between Brazil, the Argentine republic, and Paraguay, the evacuation of Paraguay by the Brazilian troops is now being proceeded with.

Nashville has expressed its gratitude to Mr. Vanderbilt for his magnificent donation to Tennessee, by an enthusiastic meeting at which resolutions were passed and addresses delivered.

The hulk of the Merrimac has been raised and taken into the dry dock of the Navy Yard at Norfolk. This removes a serious obstacle to navigation and furnishes abundant material for relics.

Foreigners as well as native artists are invited to compete for the construction of a monument in Pesth to Francis Deak, and three prizes are offered for the best designs. The cost is not to exceed 100,000 florins.

A motion in the British House of Commons to abolish flogging in the navy has been negatived by 120 votes against 62. In 1874, only 8 out of 30,000 seamen were punished with the cat, which is now only used in cases of extreme misconduct.

In all the Mediterranean countries where fevers have prevailed at certain seasons, the Eucalyptus Globulus has become the favorite tree for planting, and it is now proposed to test its powers by planting it in clusters in the Roman Campagna.

The colossal statue of Independence for the harbor of New York will be finished, it is hoped, in time to be shown in Paris during the exhibition in 1878. The wrist of this gigantic statue has been moulded lately. It took 200 sacks of plaster for its composition, and weighed 5,075 kilograms.

The Liverpool Mercury says that a borough magistrate has made a rough calculation of the amount of money spent upon drink in Liverpool. He shows that there are 1,240 public houses where drink only is sold, and 500 where food is sold in addition to drink. The money expended in them weekly is £54,450.

At Medford, Mass., a letter was received, through the post office, that was sent fourteen years ago from a military station in Alabama. Never having been in the Dead Letter Office, it must have been lost or mislaid and then forwarded recently. As the postmark could not be deciphered, the history of this tardy letter could not be ascertained.

Hundreds of fish floated upon the water of Newport Harbor after the torpedo salute in the honor of the Brazilian Emperor. They were killed by the concussion. Similar explosions and concussions in the air are almost fatal to many invalids and delicate persons. Let every true patriot celebrate this Centennial without the barbarous, offensive and dangerous use of powder.

Free swimming baths in New York are to be increased from two to six. On hot days these baths are thronged with boys, especially from early morn till nine at night. Seven thousand persons are said to bathe in each bath during the day. Persons are allowed to remain in the water about twenty minutes. A large force of policemen are on hand to enforce regulations and keep order.

The English War Department having been frequently challenged to produce a heavy gun that could be relied upon to fire fifty rounds in a single engagement, a 38-ton piece was tested in the presence of many foreign and English officers. It was loaded with 130 pounds of powder and 810 pounds of projectiles, the ranges being 1,000, 1,500, 2,000, 2,000 and 3,000 yards. One hundred rounds were fired in two days, each ten shots averaging 23 minutes. The targets were destroyed and the guns remained sound.

Wells Smith, an artist in Leeds, England, was waited upon by a detective who had received instructions from London investigate the receipt of a note, of which the following is a copy. "What nerve you must have had to collar the Gainsborough. What are you going to do with it?" This note, Smith informed the officer, had been received by him from a jocular artist resident in London, and he had thrown it into his waste-paper basket, and thought no more about it. Hence it found its way to the dust heap, and was there picked up by a rag-man, who had heard of the reward offered for the recovery of the stolen picture "The Duchess of Devonshire."

Northern California is not yet rid of the desperadoes of mining days. Certain counties are now infested with defiant gangs of robbers, who have of late been indulging in more than their usual activity in crime. Twice within a month have stages been robbed and a store and station on the line broken open by two rascals, who escaped, but were afterward overtaken by the sheriff of the county, and in the conflict ensuing one of the robbers was killed, while the other made off, to be rearrested and to escape a second time. A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* says that news of this kind passes from mouth to mouth; hostlers tell it to drivers at the station, and drivers pass it on to postmasters at the wilderness offices, while the passengers, gradually worked up to a pitch of apprehension by this continual gossip of highway robbery, are ready (or unready) for any adventure. It ranks well up in the category of sensation to make such a trip, to come under the influence of such stories, and then, about nine o'clock at night, to have the express messenger come down off the box and take a seat inside the coach, "so as to get a better chance to shoot, for these seventeen miles to come are the worst on the whole line;" and for three or four hours of dense darkness, the coach groaning up bushy hillsides, dashing through gloomy forests or sweeping among coverts of manzanita and under-brush, fit lurking places for gentlemen of the road, to have the messenger crouch, with eye intent on the bushes, illuminated for rods ahead by the stage lamps, clutching a double barreled shotgun, half-cocked and capped, and feeling beside him now and then to see if his pistols are conveniently at hand.

SPECIAL NOTICE.



A Magnificent Oil Chromo,

"London Bridge" or "Frolics of Childhood,"

will be sent to every one who sends twelve subscribers for THE CHIT CHAT, monthly published for children.

Specimen copies of THE CHIT CHAT may be had for three cents each.

Address THE CHIT CHAT, P. O. Box 47, Washington, D. C.

Single subscription per year is TWENTY-FIVE CENTS without picture, and with picture THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

July 15.

BUTTER POWDER.

SAVES TIME, LABOR AND MONEY.

Removes all Unpleasant Flavor from Food.

CHURNING MADE EASY,

AND

GOOD, FRESH BUTTER ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

In hot weather this powder makes Butter much FIRMER and SWEETER than it usually is, keeps it a much longer time, and will prevent it from becoming rancid. It also removes the strong flavor of Turnips, Wild Garlic, Weeds, Dead Leaves, etc., upon which Cows often feed, and by its use the butter is not only increased in quantity and improved in quality, but also in value, which is fully proved by the many testimonials continually received in its favor, and the great increase in its consumption, both at home and abroad. If one teaspoonful of this Powder, dissolved in a little water, is put into about two gallons of Milk when set aside for the Cream to rise, it will throw up more Cream and keep it sweet a longer time, and if already changed will bring it back to its original sweetness.

TESTIMONIALS.

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.

Dec. 30, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of your BUTTER POWDER. I find by its use an immense saving of time is effected, the butter is very superior in quality, and the quantity considerably increased, the butter milk is also sweeter, and both retain freshness. In short, I am satisfied that the BUTTER POWDER will very speedily become an indispensable requisite in the production of really good butter and butter milk. Butter made in twenty minutes.

I am, dear Sir,

JOHN E. BROWN.

HOPEWELL COTTON WORKS,
CHESTER Co., Pa.

Jan. 4, 1868.

DEAR SIR: We have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced from cream in which it was used in twenty minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that made from the same kind of cream without the POWDER, and when used in cream that had become old and rancid, it will restore it to its original sweetness.

Yours truly, S. H. & J. F. DICKEY,

OXFORD, CHESTER Co., PA.

January 3, 1868.

MESSRS. ARMSTRONG & CO.: This is to certify that I have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced with the Powder in fifteen minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that produced from cream without the Powder. And when the cream has become sour or rancid, the use of the Powder will restore it to its original sweetness: therefore I do not hesitate to recommend it to all butter makers.

R. P. PETERS.

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.,

Dec. 30, 1867.

I hereby certify I have used the Powder, and find that it will do what it pretends, viz: the butter comes quicker, improved in appearance, and the butter milk is much improved. Butter made in twenty minutes.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of over 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

**SIDDALL'S
Magnetic Soap.***The Cheapest Soap that can be used for the following reasons:*

1st.—One bar will go as far as two of any other.
2d.—Only half the usual rubbing being required, there is a saving of more than entire cost of the Soap in labor alone.
3d.—The clothes are made SWEET, CLEAN and WHITE without BOILING or SCALDING, thus all injury to them is avoided. These are a saving in fuel and hard work, and the washing is done in about half the usual time.

It is also guaranteed under a penalty of fifty dollars not to injure the clothes or hands, and as one trial will enable any person to ascertain the truth of these statements, it would never pay the proprietors to engage in an extensive system of advertising and claim such decided merit for his Soap unless he knew from positive experience that it would prove to be in every respect what is claimed for it.

This is also a superior Soap for Toilet and Shaving purposes.

Warner, Rhodes & Co.,
Wholesale Fancy Grocers General Agents,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PEABODY HOUSE.

Corner of Locust and Ninth Streets.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Convenient to all places of amusement car lines in the city. No changes to and from the Centennial grounds.

Col. Watson, proprietor of the HENRY HOUSE, Cincinnati for the past twenty years, and present proprietor, has leased the house for a term of years, and has newly furnished and fitted it throughout. He will keep a strictly first-class house, and has accommodation for 300 guests. Terms only \$3 per day.

COL. WATSON is a native of Virginia, and probably the only Hotel Proprietor in Philadelphia from the South.

James Watson.
PROPRIETOR.

CULLINGWORTH'S**ALPHABET CARDS.**

70,000 sold in three years. The cheapest and best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends on account of the convenient size and clear and elegant design.

In lots of not less than 100 single hand cards with your name on the back.

Price per 100 cards.....\$1.00

Both single and double-hand.....25

25 for.....50

50 ".....50

100 ".....1.00

Also the ONLY COMPLETE CENTENNIAL GUIDE MAP of the exhibition grounds with the principal buildings and their national divisions.

Map of the city of Philadelphia showing street-car lines and all places of interest. A great variety of information, useful to strangers, especially DEAF-MUTES. Price by Mail 50 cents.

W. M. R. CULLINGWORTH,
Box 2256,
Philadelphia, Pa.

TRUNKS, TRUNKS,

WHIPS, HARNESS, SADDLERY,
SATCHELS, POCKET BOOKS,
TRAVELLING BAGS,
SHAWL STRAPS,
&c., &c., &c.

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Practical Manufactory

Jas. S. Topham & Co.,
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